THE VANITY OF THE Life of Man.

Represented in the Seven several Stages thereof, from his Birth to his Death. With Pictures and Poems exposing the Follies of every Age.

To which are added, Several other Poems upon divers Subjects and Occasions.

By *R. B.*

Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, Gen. 47. 9.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength, labour and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away, Psalm 90 10.

The Second Edition much Enlarged.

LONDON, Printed for *Nath. Crouch* at the *Bell* in the *Poultrey* near *Cheapside*. 1698.

Bt Rood. Sep. 30. 1847 —

The First Stage of Mans Life
From Infancy to Ten years.

THE Ancients well advis'd,
That Man himself should know;
That so all proud ambitious thoughts
He might thereby o'erthrow.

Consider then O Man
How vain a thing thou art;
How out of nothing thou wert made,
Oh! lay it well to heart.

So soon as we were born
Then presently we cry,
As if we knew we came into
A World of misery.

Our life's a Tragedy
And the most secret room,
Wherein we do attire our selves
Is in our Mothers Womb.

Our Infancy in sleep
And eating we consume.
From Beasts we little differ then,
Yet O how we presume

To boast of Parentage
And treat the poor with scorn,
Though our condition was at first
Thus wretched and forlorn.

No sooner are we set
Upon this Earthly Stage,
But we are subject unto storms
And winds impetuous rage.

No sooner we arrive
Upon this evil ground,
Into this Soul afflicting World
But dangers us surround.

Our Infant Innocence
Nor yet our Childish Tears,
Can't us excuse; but we are still
Our Parents fears and cares.

Sorrow with her full mouth
Salutes our painful birth,
And oft times puts out all our joys
And puffs out all our mirth.

The smiling Flower springs
And gloriously grows.
Untoucht with any misery
It neither spins nor sows.

Our tedious life is not
So happy as this Flower,
Our Infancy as full of grief,
Though finisht in an hour.

And as our days increase
Folly doth us betray,
We waste our time in vanity
In wantonness and play.

And thus a ten years breath
We fooliſhly miſ-ſpend,
Before we know what 'tis to live
Or Death do apprehend.

Our Childiſh Dreams are fill'd
With empty painted Joys,
Which pleaſe our ſleepy ſenſe a while
But waking prove meer toys.

How wretched is poor man
In ſuch a ſtate as this,
How much a ſlave to vanity,
How far from real bliſs?

His longeſt days are ſhort
And few when they are moſt.
When they are beſt they are but bad,
And yet even theſe are loſt.

Yet thus far we are Lambs,
Spotleſs and Innocent,
Of thoſe Great Crimes which at the laſt
Cauſe endleſs puniſhment.

This then is Mans firſt Age
Which yet is full of trouble,
'Tis empty, vain, uncertain, ſhort,
And proves Mankind a bubble.

The Second Stage of Mans Life
From Ten years to Twenty.

OUR first Age thus past o're
To Twenty we arrive,
And then with other follies we
To please our selves contrive

And thus a ten years breath
We fooliſhly miſ-ſpend,
Before we know what 'tis to live
Or Death do apprehend.

Our Childiſh Dreams are fill'd
With empty painted Joys,
Which pleaſe our ſleepy ſenſe a while
But waking prove meer toys.

How wretched is poor man
In ſuch a ſtate as this,
How much a ſlave to vanity,
How far from real bliſs?

His longeſt days are ſhort
And few when they are moſt.
When they are beſt they are but bad,
And yet even theſe are loſt.

Yet thus far we are Lambs,
Spotleſs and Innocent,
Of thoſe Great Crimes which at the laſt
Cauſe endleſs puniſhment.

This then is Mans firſt Age
Which yet is full of trouble,
'Tis empty, vain, uncertain, ſhort,
And proves Mankind a bubble.

The Second Stage of Mans Life
From Ten years to Twenty.

OUR first Age thus past o're
To Twenty we arrive,
And then with other follies we
To please our selves contrive.

This Stage seems wondrous brave,
The way's all strow'd with Flowers
When time is spent in pleasant sports,
The days appear but hours.

The Will had hitherto
No other Guide but Sense,
Reason the Eyes now openeth
And doth its Rays dispence.

His heart is now puft up,
He scorns the Tutors hand;
He hates to meet the least controll
And glories to command.

He takes no care nor thought
Of Misery or Bliss,
Though all he thereby purchaseth
Only Repentance is.

Griefs do not him annoy,
Doubts never him perplex,
Fear never curbs his appetite,
Troubles him never vex.

He's like a dainty morn,
And happily he may,
If Lust and Pride orecome him not,
Prove a resplendent day.

He's

He's like the toilsom Bee,
Running from flower to flower,
Seeking to find out full Content,
Pleasures do him devour.

He cries, *Young man rejoice*
Now in thy youthful days,
Let thy Heart cheer thee; Now resolve
To walk in thy own ways.

Now please thy Hearts desire,
Carve where thou likest best,
Delight thine eyes with what thou wilt,
And be a joyful Guest.

But yet young man remember
The day will come whereon
The righteous Judge will sentence thee
For th' ill deeds thou hast done.

O what a Feast is this,
Ah! what a reckoning's here,
The Dainties they are sweet indeed,
Ah! but the price is dear.

Which if thou can'st not pay,
Thou then must to that Jayl,
Whence thou can'st never be redeem'd
But by thy Saviours Bail.

'Tis only he must do't,
For thou can'st never get
Money to pay so vast a score,
Nor can'st work out the debt.

Thou can'st not beg; Thy Limbs,
Though strong, are herein lame.
But thou can'st beg; O therefore beg
Although it be with shame.

O beg the grace of God,
And though you do receive
Repulse at first, yet don't give o're,
Go on in Faith to crave.

Cry, *Lord if Youthful Lusts*
Do give such Treats as these,
Let me rather Famine have,
These feed but my disease.

Curb thou my vain desires,
My boistrous will controul,
Arm me against those enemies
That War against my Soul.

This is Mans second Stage,
A dangerous time it is,
Wherein its hard to walk upright,
Easie to go amiss.

The Third Stage of Mans Life
From Twenty to Thirty years.

WHen Man's to Thirty come,
His Emblem is a Goat,
Which unto carnal Love's inclin'd
And Luſt, doth him denote.

A Peacock and a Horſe
Untam'd, he was before,
And yet he is not ſerious
But folly doth adore.

He cries, *I'le ſtill go on,*
Let who will count me vain:
If I theſe happy days neglect,
They'l never come again.

Nothing but Joy and Mirth,
And ſweet delights appear,
Methinks I repreſent the Spring,
The beſt time of the year.

I'le wallow in all pleaſure,
For I am in my prime,
And I in Merriment and Play
Reſolve to ſpend my time.

Let every man his mind
And own deſire fulfil,
My Luſt I'le fully ſatisfie
And take thereof my fill.

I am reſolv'd to ſearch
Ev'n the whole World about,
And of all Earths Variety
To ſuck the ſweetneſs out.

Thus will I make my life
Though ſhort, yet ſweet to me,
Whilſt others whom I value not
Have Woe and Miſery.

No Stone I'le leave unturn'd
I any where can find,
Which may produce content and joy
Unto my craving mind.

No ſorrow whilſt I live
Shall ever me come near,
Nor ſhall the Prieſts with all their threats
Ever cauſe me to fear.

Ah, Hah, what ſtate of life
Can equal this of mine,
Wherein the gallantry of youth
So gloriouſly doth ſhine.

Like tinder thus his heart
Is apt to entertain
The Sparks of Love and Furious Luſt,
Nothing can him reſtrain.

There's nothing can withſtand
The rage of his deſire,
His wanton Flames are now blown up,
His mind is all on Fire.

Do waſt thy Inch, vain youth,
Thou Span of living Earth,
Conſume and ſpend thy Golden days
In Vanity and Mirth.

But ſtill do not forget
Thy Stock of Time decays,
Thy laviſhneſs foretels a dearth,
Time will not laſt always.

The Bird which left its Cage,
May yet return at laſt,
And painful labour may at length
Repair what's ſpent in waſt.

But precious time no pains
Nor coſt can ere recal,
When once 'tis gone, it nere returns
How loud ſo ere we call.

God doth not thee allow
To live in ſin one day,
But ſtill declares, that nothing is
More dangerous than delay.

Mind thy Salvation then
Ev'n in this very hour,
And what thy hand findeth to do,
Do it with all thy power.

The Fourth Stage of Mans Life
From Thirty to Forty years.

ALas we have no reſt,
Our time doth always fly,
From one ſtage to the next we go,
We have no certainty.

No rein can curb our hours,
They paſs we know not how,
Our preſent *Now* paſſeth away
Before we can ſay *Now*.

Time paſt is none of ours,
The future hath no being,
How very ſhort then are our days,
Continually flying?

The Poſt of ſwift foot time,
Hath now at length begun;
The Calends of our middle Age,
Our bloſſoms they are gone.

The ſteps already paſt
Do plainly to us ſhew
The number of thoſe ſteps behind,
Which we are yet to go.

Alas what cauſe have we
So fooliſhly to boaſt,
We have already liv'd ſo long,
Since all that time is loſt.

No ſooner doth the heat
Of Youth and Luſt decline,
But in this next Age, to Exceſs
And Luxury ſome incline.

In Martial Exploits
And Battels some delight,
And Lions seem to represent
Who furiously fight,

He the sad chance of War
In bloudy Characters,
Sees often writ, though all he gets
Is only glorious Scars.

He Rivers sometimes sees
With crimson Torrents rise,
The Conquerors proclaim their Joys,
The Conquer'd raise their cries.

Sees others bravely bold.
Maintain a gallant fight,
And rather chuse a noble death
Than Ignominious flight.

Many a vanquisht Wretch,
He sees upon his knee,
Who trembling begs for life from his
Inraged enemy.

Sad sights these are indeed,
But he that War will court,
Must steel his heart against all fears,
And count all Dangers sport.

He now is prancing on
Being in the lusty noon
Of his full Age; Take heed O Man
Thou dost not boast too soon.

Convert thy breath to wail
Thy short unconstant state.
Take heed thou dost not brag too soon
Lest thou repent too late.

Thy midnight glory lies
Betwixt th' extreams of night,
A Glory which is foil'd with shame
And fool'd with false delight.

The middle Age th' hast clim'd
Of thy uncertain days,
Look backward now and ponder well
The errors of thy ways.

The frailty of thy youth,
Thy Childhoods vanity,
And all the precious time that thou
Didst waste in Infancy.

Look forward and repent
Of all thy errors past,
That so thereby thou may'st attain
True happiness at last.

The Fifth Stage of Man's Life
From Forty to Fifty years.

AT Fifty years we are
Like the declining Sun,
For now his better half of life
Man seemeth to have run.

The Fox his Emblem is,
For when his ſtrength doth fail,
He then endeavours and contrives
By Policy to prevail.

Men now Ambitious grow
To Honour they aſpire,
And to be counted Great and Wiſe
They earneſtly deſire.

Yet Honour's but a blaſt
'Tis all but Vanity,
Their Grandeur cannot ſave them, they
Like other Morrals dye.

Kingdoms we ſee, and Crowns
Do often tottering ſtand,
By ſudden turns the Servant doth
His Soveraign command.

Where's *Nimrod* that Great Prince,
That mighty Man of old?
Where's the Grand *Nebuchadnezzar*
That glorious Head of Gold?

Belſhazzar in great Pomp
Did ſit upon his Throne,
Yet in the ſpace of one ſhort night
His glory all was gone.

These famous Monarchs now
Are mouldred quite away,
Who when on Earth did with much dread
The Golden Scepter sway.

Thus Man that is in Honour
Continues but a space,
And often-times dies like a Beast,
So ends his name and race.

Great Men are oft-times fill'd
With vexing care and fear;
Affairs are so intricate
They know not how to steer.

Even in the highest place
Of Human Government,
There ne'r was any man yet found
Solid and True Content.

That mighty Conqueror
The Famous *Alexander*,
That valiant and renowned Prince
That Excellent Commander.

Though he the Eastern World
Subdu'd, yet grieved sore,
That having one World conquered
There did remain no more.

There's nothing in the Earth
We ever can deſcry,
But it will ſoon grow troubleſom
And never ſatisfie.

Therefore, O Man, while Heaven
Doth terms of peace afford,
Subject thy Soul unto Gods Law
Before he draw his Sword.

For if to anger once
Th' Almighty you provoke,
He eaſily can you deſtroy
With his revenging ſtroke.

Who can before his wrath
And Indignation ſtand?
Who's able to endure the weight
Of his avenging hand?

Who can with him contend
Or War 'gainſt him maintain,
Or who dares ſay, The King of Kings
Over him ſhall not reign?

Deny him not his Right
But let him bear the ſway,
Would'ſt thou gain peace unto thy Soul
Thy Saviour then obey.

The sixth Stage of Mans Life,
From fifty to sixty.

OUR wasted Taper now
Begins to lose its light,
ur sparkling flames plainly decay
'Tis growing towards night.

That

That ſlender inch of Life
Which yet unſpent remains,
Little delight to us affords,
But uſually great pains.

In ſilent Language, Time
Seems to exhort her Gueſt,
That he prepare his weary Limbs
To take Eternal Reſt.

Yet ſome Men are ſo vain
They anxiouſly contrive,
Like greedy Wolves to gain the World
Although but half alive.

Remember fooliſh Man
Riches are empty things,
And when we think them ſafe, they fly
Away with Eagles Wings.

When Riches thou doſt heap
Thou doſt but heap up ſorrow,
Tho' they are thine to day! alas
They may be gone to morrow.

Some dreadful Conflagration
May all thy Treaſures burn,
And in a moment all thy Joys
May into aſhes turn.

That Man which thousands had
Ev'n but the night before,
E're the next morning Sun, has been
Like Job forlorn and poor.

Riches the Soul of Man
Can never satisfy,
That noble and immortal part
Which in thy breast doth lye.

For still the more thou hast
More thou'lt desire still,
Since the whole world's not large enough
Thy precious Soul to fill.

Of Silver and of Gold
Though ne're so much thou gain
If thou thy Soul lose, they'l increase
Thy misery and pain.

Thus all is vanity
We meet with here below,
The truth of which, Experience
Doth daily to us show.

Alas 'tis now high time
Thou other thoughts shouldst have
Instead of filling Chests with Coin
Think, thou must fill a Grave.

Old Time has ſtrew'd gray hairs
Upon thy hoary head,
Declaring that thy day is paſt,
Thou muſt prepare for bed.

Gray Hairs are honourable
If found in Vertues ways,
But if an Old Man prove a Child
His Age he doth diſpraiſe.

Thrice happy he whoſe life
From vice hath been ſo free,
He neither is aſham'd to live
Nor yet afraid to die.

That ere with Age, his ſtrength
Is utterly decay'd,
Is from this fading periſhing World
By timely death convey'd.

Look then O Soul to Heaven,
Seek there for higher Joys.
And leave theſe earthly huſks to Swine,
To Fools theſe empty Toys.

If once thou doſt but taſt
Of thoſe Celeſtial ſprings,
All Worldly Glory thou wilt ſlight
And count them trifling things.

The seventh and last Stage of Mans Life
From sixty to seventy.

AT length this little World
Of animated Clay,
Whom all the Earth doth magnify,
And all her Hosts obey.

The chief of Nature's Pride,
And glorified by Art,
Who unto Heaven is near a-kin
By his Diviner part.

Though he triumph a while,
Yet droops and then decays,
At length by Age he's quite worn out
Death cancels all his days.

Although his active power
Commanded Sea and Land,
And like a lofty Caſtle he
Upon a Hill did ſtand.

His weak foundation now
Fails of its wonted truſt,
Sinking and tottering it lays
His Ruins in the duſt.

Alas poor Bed-rid Man,
Where is thy glory now?
Thy Youth of which thou once didſt boaſt,
And thy Majeſtick brow.

Down to thy Mother Earth
Thou now begin'ſt to bend,
To ſhew that whence thou firſt did come,
There thou muſt ſurely end.

Three feet thou now doſt uſe,
But ſtreight thou wilt uſe four,
And being again to Childhood brought
Muſt crawl upon the Floor.

To its firſt Principle
All muſt at length reſolve;
So Man that was of nothing made,
To nothing muſt devolve.

Dot

Do not, O Mortal then
On Honour, or on Treasure;
Set not thine Heart on Learning, nor
On Beauty, Youth or Pleasure.

These all at length will perish
And utterly decay,
They bring no comfort in old Age,
Nor in a dying day.

We now begin to think
Of what we did before,
And those Crimes which we counted small,
Their guilt begins to roar.

Sure now or never then
'Tis time to make our peace
With Heaven since we so suddenly
From our works must cease.

Thus Man that's born of Woman,
Can in this world remain
But little time; yet all his days
Are full of grief and pain.

Springs like a flower to day
And vanisheth to morrow;
His whole life but a pennance is,
His death is nought but sorrow.

His breath is but a bubble,
His days are but a span,
It is but glorious misery
Thus to be born a Man.

By *David*'s rule his Age
'Is threescore Years and Ten,
If he attain to fourscore years,
'His days are grief and pain.

Dote

At ninety years, of God
He pardon ought to crave,
He at an hundred years must make
His Bed in the cold grave.

Frail Man prepare to dye,
Repent; thy glass is run,
'Mercy, ah Mercy Father, cry,
'Receive thy penitent Son.

Conclusion.

A Thousand years with God,
The Holy Scriptures say,
Is but a very little time.
And reckon'd as a day.

By which Divine account
This measur'd life of our,
Is of a short continuance,
Exceeding not an hour.

Nature one half thereof
For her own use doth keep,
She claims it as her lawful debt,
And due, to spend in sleep.

Another full sixth part
Of what remains, we spend
In Riot, Luxury and Wine,
To hasten on our end.

Our tender Infancy
And Childhood, yea the most
Of our green and ungovern'd Youth
Is usually lost.

he little that is left
We commonly divide,
Clothing and in Ornaments,
To elevate our pride.

nother ſhare we give
To Trifles and to Toys,
nd laviſhly debauch our ſelves
With vain and empty Joys.

ow then if at the moſt
The meaſur'd Life of Man
n ſo little compaſs, that
It's counted but a ſpan.

hen thus cut into halves,
And into quarters thus,
d then again diſquartered,
Lord what remains for us?

hen the total of our days
s of ſuch brevity,
d if our ſhare's ſo very ſmall,
Lord what remains to thee?

lory to Thee Eternal God,
Thrice Bleſſed Three in One,
y Name at all times by ador'd,
Till Time it ſelf be done.

C. 24

The History of the Cruel Death of Cassiana *Bishop and School-master of* Brixia (or Brescia *in* Italy) *who suffered Martyrdom for the Profession of the Christian Faith by the hands of his own Scholars in the Bloody Reign of* Diocletian, *an Heathen Emperor of* Rome.

Written in Latin Verse by the Learned *Prudentius*, and Translated into English some years since.

With divers other Poems.

THrough *Forum* as in *Italy*
I passed once to *Rome*,
Into a Church by chance came I
And stood hard by a Tomb.

Which Church some time a place had been
Where Causes great in Law
Were scan'd and try'd, and judgment given
To keep brute Men in awe.

This place *Sylla Cornelius*
First built; he rais'd the Frame,
And call'd the same *Forum*; and thus
The City got that name.

ayer fervent as I stood
asting mine Eye aside.
cture all imbrued in Blood
chance I there espied.

ousand wounds and gashes sad,
mangl'd, scratch'd and torn.

The

The skin appear'd as though it had
Been jagg'd and rent with Thorn.

A crew of pictur'd Boys did stand
About this woful sight,
Who with their sharpned Gads had brought
Him to this dreadful plight.

These Gads were but the Pens wherewith
Their Tables written were,
And such as Scholars oftentimes
Unto the Schools do bear.

'Whom thou seest here thus pictur'd sit,
'And plainly dost behold,
'No Fable is, I thee assure,
Unaskt, a Bishop told.

Who walkt thereby, and did declare
This History of one
That for the Faith of Jesus Christ
Thus suffered long agone.

A skilful School-master he was,
That sometimes here did teach,
And Bishop too of *Brixia*,
Who Christ did plainly preach.

He had the Art to comprehend
Much matter in few lines,
Accommodating his discourse
To Persons and to Times.

His Precepts sharp, and his stern looks
His beardless Boys did fear,
Who 'cause he kept them to their Books
Much malice did him bear.

For Children usually think
Their School-masters unkind,

No Discipline in Youth seems sweet;
To Folly they incline.

The Heathen at this time did rage
Against the Christian name,
And to the Saviour of the World
Defiance they proclaim.

This faithful School-master then did
The Living God adore,
For which he is accus'd and brought
Before the Governour.

Who in a rage cries out, 'Go take
'This Traitor straight away,
'Deliver him to his own Boys,
'That they torment him may.

'Let him be given to them all,
'And let them act their will,
'In torturing him as they think fit,
'So that they do him kill.

'Let them scoff at him as they list,
'And him deride so long,
'Till for meer wearinesse their sport,
'They can no more prolong.

'Let them I say without controul
'Both rend and tear his Skin,
'To bathe their hands let them be bold
'In the hot Blood of him.

The Scholars hereat much rejoyce,
And with alacrity
Resolve he their Revenge shall feel
For his severity.

They bind his hands behind his back,
And him they naked strip; With

With Bodkins him they pierce and wound,
And laugh to ſee him skip.

The private malice each one hath
Within his heart appears,
In fury now they pour it forth,
They value not his tears.

Some throw great ſtones, and others break
Their Tables on his face,
And cry, There's Latin now and Greek,
Like Boys devoid of Grace.

From all parts with much violence
The Blood doth ſtreaming flow,
Whereby his Torments ſtill increaſe,
And more afflicting grow,

Sometimes they pierce, ſometimes they rent
This worthy Martyrs Fleſh,
And thus by turns they do torment
This Confeſſor afreſh.

Now all with one conſent on him
Their murdering hands they lay,
To ſee the Blood from limb to limb
Drop down, they make a Play.

More painful was the feeble hate
Of Children oft and thick,
Than of the greater Boys, whoſe wounds
Nearer his heart did ſtick

For by the feeble ſtrokes of one
His conſtancy was try'd,
Which to his Torment added much,
Yet Death to him denied.

The deeper wounds the Great Ones gave,
And nearer toucht the quick,

The welcomer he thought the ſame
Whom lingring Death made ſick.

'God make you ſtrong (he cries) I pray
'God give you might at will,
'That what you want in power, you may
'In cruelty fulfil.

'For whilſt you in barbarity
'The Hang-man over-match,
'Though you have will, yet ſtrength you want
'My Life quite to diſpatch.

'My griefs wax great; what groaneſt thou?
'Said ſome to him again,
'O now remember how at School
'Thou mad'ſt us ſuffer pain.

'But we will pay thee, and make good
'Thy many thouſand ſtripes,
'When we with weeping Eyes oft ſtood
'In danger of thy gripes.

'Art thou now angry at our haſt
'That always cry'dſt write, write,
'And ſcarce a minute wouldſt allow
'For pleaſure and delight.

'We had forgot our playing times
'Thou Churl denid'ſt us of.
'We only now do point our lines,
And thus they jeer and ſcoff.

'Correct good Sir our faulty Verſe,
'If ought amiſs there be,
'And if thou canſt, to us rehearſe
'Who has not pointed thee.

Chriſt pitying this groaning Man
With Torments torn and tir'd, Com-

Commands his heart to break, and so
He instantly expir'd.

His Soul to God return'd again
Who it to him did give,
A Mortal Life he left, that he
In Heaven might ever live.

This is the Picture now, said he,
That thou dost here behold,
Of *Cassianus* that blest Soul
Whose Story I have told.

If now thou any pity hast,
Oh do not it conceal,
But to his memory shed a tear
To shew thy pious Zeal.

I could not but consent to weep,
And did embrace his Tomb,
And this Memorial of him writ
When I returned home.

To serve as a Remembrance
For ever to endure,
Of *Cassianus* School Master
All others to allure.

To constancy under the Cross
Of their Profession,
And count all losses gain that they
Shall suffer thereupon.

A Spiritual Hymn or Song, made and sung by Mrs. Ann Askew, *a Christian Lady, who suffered a Cruel Martyrdom for the Protestant Faith, in the Reign of K.* Henry 8.

Like to an armed Knight
Prepared to the Field,
With this World will I Fight,
And Faith shall be my Shield.

Faith is that Weapon strong
Which will not fail at need,
My Foes therefore among
Therewith I will proceed.

As it is kept in strength
And force, in Christ his way
It will prevail at length
Though all the Devils say Nay.

Faith in the Fathers Old
Obtained Righteousness,
Which maketh me so bold
To fear no worlds distress.

I now rejoyce in Heart,
And hope bids me do so,
For Christ will take my part,
And ease me of my woe.

Thou

Thou say'ſt Lord, who ſo knock
To them thou wilt attend,
Open therefore the Lock,
And thy ſtrong power down ſend

More Enemies I have
Than Hairs to crown my Head,
Let them not me deprave
But fight thou in my ſtead.

On thee my care I caſt
For all their cruel ſpight,
I value not their haſt,
For thou art my delight.

I am not one that lift
My Anchor to let fall
For every driz'ing miſt,
My Ship's ſubſtantial.

Nor oft uſe I to write
In Proſe, nor yet in Rhime,
Yet will *I* ſhew one ſight
That I ſaw in my time.

I ſaw a Royal Throne
Where Juſtice ſhould have ſit,
But in her ſtead was one
Of bloody cruel wit.

O'rewhelm'd was Righteouſneſs
As by a raging Flood,
Satan in fierce exceſs
Suckt up the guiltleſs Blood.

Then thought I, 'Jeſu Lord
'When thou wilt Judge us all,
'Hard is it to record
'On theſe men what will fall.

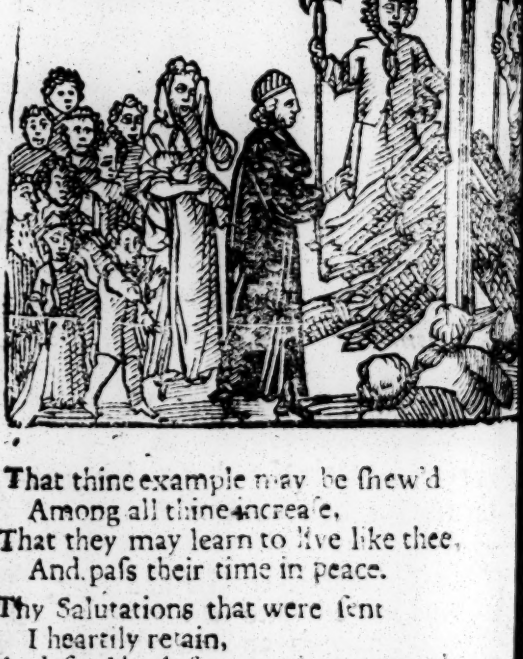
Yet Lord I thee desire
'For what they do to me,
Let them not taste the hire
'Of their Iniquity.

Divine Exhortations, by Mr. John Rogers *Minister of St.* Sepulchrs, London, *who was burnt in* Smithfield, *in the bloody Reign of Q.* Mary, *for the Profession of the True Protestant Religion.*

Written to a Vertuous Woman.

O ye that love the Lord, see that ye hate the thing that is evil.

THE God that giveth life and light,
And leadeth into rest.
That breaketh bonds, and bringeth out
The poor that are oppress.
That keepeth mercy for the meek
His Treasure and his Store,
Increase thy life in perfect love
Both now and evermore.
That as thou hast begun to build
In Faith and fervent Love,
Thou may'st be made a mighty Tower
Which never may remove. That



That thine example may be shew'd
Among all thine increase,
That they may learn to live like thee,
And pass their time in peace.

Thy Salutations that were sent
I heartily retain,
And send back seventy times as much
To thee and thine again

And now because I know the gift
That thou dost value most,
I send this little Book to thee
A thing of little cost.

In hope thou wilt accept it well,
Although it be but small,

ecause I have no better thing
To make amends withal.
r all the free and friendly deeds
Which thy good will hath wrought,
my neceſſity I give
A thing that coſt me nought.
bſtain from all ungodlineſs,
In piety ſpend your days;
ontinue not in any ſin,
Beware of wicked ways.
old faſt your Faith unfeignedly,
Build as you have begun,
nd arm your ſelf with perfect Faith
To do as you have done.
ſt wicked Men ſhould mock at what
You now have took in hand,
you once leave the living Rock
To build upon the Sand.
ware of all Hypocriſy
Let nothing you deter,
cauſe you to renounce the Faith
Of Chriſt your Saviour.
r if you keep the perfect path
As I well hope you do;
u ſhall be ſure to have ſuch ſhame
As men can put you to.
r all that lead a godly life
Will ſurely ſuffer loſs,
e World will hate and perſecute
And make them kiſs the Croſs.

Yet

Ye shall be kill'd, saith Jesus Christ
Your sorrows shall not cease,
And yet in your afflictions
I am your perfect peace.

For in this World you shall have woe,
Because you are unknown,
And because you the world do hate,
The world will love its own.

Be constant therefore to the Death,
Against all their Decrees,
And God shall surely fight for you
Against your Enemies.

Commit your cause unto the Lord,
Revenge not any ill,
And you shall see the wicked want
When you shall have your fill.

What ere afflictions you befal,
Whatever they can do,
Yet they that wealth can never gain,
Which we attain unto.

For I have seen the Sinners spread
Their Branches as a Bay,
And yet ere one could turn his head,
Were withered quite away.

Let Money never make your heart
Presumptuously rise
Against the goodness of the Lord
Among the Worldly wise.

For it more mischiefs hath produc'd
Than can he well expreſt,

And many evils it hath wrought,
Hardly to be redreſt.

For Money maketh many a one
'Gainſt Heaven to rebel,
And he that maketh Gold a God
He hath his ſoul to ſell.

It maketh great Men kill and ſlay,
And waſt the earth with War,
They often leave the Wolf at home
And hunt the Fox afar.

And though they ſhould ſee Juſtice done
And People live at reſt,
Yet Money often forceth them
To ſee the poor oppreſt.

The Husband-Man that Money hath
His work doth almoſt ſcorn,
It ſcarce will ſuffer him to ſow
Or caſt abroad his corn.

The Husband he a Wife would have
With Nobles new and old,
The Wife doth wiſh the Husband dead
That ſhe may have his Gold.

Many ſad Murthers it hath caus'd,
And many bloudy hands.
The Son ſometimes the Fathers ſlays
That he may have his Lands.

For though it neceſſary be
And uſeful in its kind,
It oftentimes proves dangerous
Unto a wicked mind.

As he that playeth with the pitch
His Fingers are defil'd,
So he that maketh Gold his God,
Will surely be beguil'd.

Be always friendly to the poor
And to the fatherleſs,
And ſtill aſſiſt them at their need
'Gainſt thoſe who them oppreſs.

In all your Deeds and Actions
Mercy do you retain,
With the ſame meaſure you meat, God
Will meat to you again.

Be ever humble in your life
Gods mercies always own.
The higheſt Trees are ſeldom ſafe,
And ſooneſt overthrown.

The Lions lack and ſuffer ſore
With hunger and with thirſt,
And they that do oppreſs the poor
Continue ſtill accurſt.

The painful Bee but little is
In body, or in ſight,
And yet ſhe bringeth more increaſe
Than either Crow or Kite.

Never forget that you muſt dye,
Keep well your watch alway.
Be ſure of Oil within your Lamp,
Let not your light decay.

For death ſpares neither thoſe that want,
Nor who abundance have.
He treadeth down the Rich and Poor
Together in the Grave.

Exhort your Children to be chast
Rebuke them for all ill,
And let them not in any case
Be wedded to their will.

Let them not too familiar grow
To laugh at them forbear,
Lest they at last make you to weep,
But bring them up in fear.

And let your life be so exact
That none may you suspect
Guilty of those enormities
For which you them correct.

In Meekness and in Modesty
Let all your deeds be done,
That they which are without the Law
May see how right you run.

Keep well your Tongue within your mouth
Take care that it you tame,
For out of little sparks of fire
There oft proceeds a flame.

And as the Poyson doth express
The Nature of the Toad;
Even so the Tongue doth manifest
The Heart that feareth God.

For therewith bless we God above
And therewith curse we Men,
And thereby Murders do arise,
Through Women now and then.

Now since it so unruly is
Or let it still hold the power,

And to prevent all miſchief, keep
A watch before the door.

I write theſe things, not that I think
You guilty of the ſame,
But to declare how ſin in all
We ſharply ought to blame.

For Fleſh & Blood *I* know you are
As other Women be:
And while we dwell in fleſh and blood
There is infirmity.

Receive a warning willingly,
That to your face is told.
Account this gift of greater price
Than if they gave you Gold.

A wiſe Man, ſaith King *Solomon*,
Reproving will embrace.
A Fool will ſooner (as ſaith he)
Be ſmitten on the face.

As your affections muſt be dead
To all things that are vain.
Even ſo by Baptiſm you are born
To live with Chriſt again.

Thus farewel true and faithful Friend,
The Lord that is above,
Increaſe in you a perfect Faith,
And lead you in his Love.

And as I do ſincerely pray
And pour out bitter tears
For you and all at liberty,
Abroad among the Briers.

ven ſo I pray you recommend
My Perſon and my Bands
nto the everlaſting God
Who hath me in his hands.

hat I may paſs out of this world
Wherein I am oppreſt,
cloſed in a clod of Clay
And can obtain no reſt.

hat as he hath begun in me
His great Salvation,
may attain to overtake
My Brethren that are gone.

hat when Death ſhall have done his worſt,
In Gods appointed place
may be able like a Man
To look Chriſt in the face.

or though death may at length convert
My body into duſt,
et I am ſure my Soul to God
Will go, in whom I truſt.

nd though for his great Name I ſhould
Happen to looſe my Blood,
ſhall receive it ſafe again
When God ſhall ſee it good.

or my Redeemer I am ſure
Doth live for evermore,
nd ſitteth high within the Heavens
All Angels him adore.

f whom I hope to have a Crown
That always ſhall remain,

And perfect reſt and peace enjoy,
Inſtead of woe and pain.

The God that giveth all increaſe,
And ſeeketh Souls to ſave,
Increaſe in you that perfect peace
Which I do hope to have.

And I beſeech the Living Lord
To hold you in his hands,
And give you all the comforts I
Experience in my hands.

Which I eſteem of higher price
Than Pearl or precious Stone,
And will endure for evermore
When earthly things are gone

For though the fire doth quite conſume
Our Treaſure and our Store,
Ye ſhall the goodneſs of the Lord
Endure for evermore.

And ſince you are a Friend to them
That are to Heav'n moſt dear.
The Lord of Heaven make you amends
When all Men ſhall appear.

Who have ſhew'd mercy to the meek
And freed them out of pain.
The God of grace poſſeſs your Soul,
Till we do meet again.

'If you would have a recompence,
'Continue in Obedience.

Mr. John Rogers *the Martyr his Instructions to his Children.*

Give ear my Children to my word
Whom God hath dearly bought
Ly up his Law within your hearts
And print it in your thought. word bought

For I your Father have observ'd
The frail and filthy way
Which Flesh and Blood are apt to go
Tho they their Souls betray.

For all and every living Beast,
Their Crib do know full well,
But *Adams* Heirs above the rest,
Are ready to rebel.

Yea all the Creatures on the earth
Do easily keep their way,
But Man above all Creatures else
Is apt to go astray.

For earth and ashes is his strength,
His glory and his gain.
And unto ashes he at length
Must sure return again.

All flesh doth flourish like a flower,
And grow up like the grass.

And

And is consumed in an hour,
As daily comes to pass.

In me your Image you may see,
And hence learn not to trust
In vain and perishing mortals w
Are soon dissolv'd to dust.

For as you see your Fathers flesh,
Converted into Clay,
Even so shall your my Children dear,
Consume and wear away.

The Sun the Moon, the twinkling Stars,
That serve us day and night,
The Earth and every earthly thing
Shall be consumed quite.

Yea all the glory of the World
That ere was heard or seen
Shall vanish and be quite consum'd,
As it had never been.

That you may therefore follow me
Your Father and your Friend
And may enjoy eternal life,
Which never shall have end.

I leave you here a little Book,
For you to look upon,
That you may see your Fathers face
When he is dead and gone.

Who for the hope of heavenly things,
While he did here remain,
Spent all his youthful golden days
In Prison and in pain.

d where among my Iron Bands,
nclosed in the dark;
t many days before my death,
did compose this work.

r you mine Heirs of earthly things,
Whom I shall leave behind,
at you may read and understand,
And keep it in your mind.

hat as you shall be Heirs of what
Will quickly wear away:
en so you may possess that part,
Which never shall decay.

hat following your Fathers steps
In Truth and Christian Love,
ou may Co-heirs be with him
In Blessedness above.

ho for example to your Youth,
To whom I wish all good,
o shew to you the way to Heaven,
And Seal it with my blood.

ave always God before your eyes,
And in your whole intents,
ommit not sin in any wise,
Keep his Commandments.

ive Honour to your Mother dear,
Remember well her pain,
nd recompence her in her years
With filial Love again.

e always aiding her at need,
And let her not decay;

Remember your dear Fathers gone
Who should have been her stay.

Give of your portion to the Poor
As riches do arise,
And from the needy naked Soul
Turn not away your eyes

For he that will not hear the cry
Of those that are in need,
Shall cry himself and not be heard
When he doth hope to speed.

If God hath giv'n you great increase
And blessed well your store
Remember ye are put in trust
To minister the more.

Give then a portion to the poor
In Money and in Meat,
And feed the fainting feeble Soul
With what your selves do eat.

And when you hungry are your self
And want cloths to your back,
Be sure you do not those forget
That food and rayment lack.

That heed of self-conceit and pride,
Build not your nests too high,
But always keep it in your thoughts,
That you are born to dye.

Defraud not him that hired is
Your labour to sustain,
But give him always out of hand,
His penny for his pain.

And as you would that other m
Toward you ſhould proceed,
Do you the ſame to them agen,
When you do ſtand in need.

Beware of foul and filthy Luſt,
Let Whordom have no place,
Keep clean your veſſels in the Lord,
That he may you embrace.

Ye are the Temples of the Lord,
For ye are dearly bought;
And they that do defile the ſame
Shall ſurely come to nought.

Ask Counſel always of the Wiſe,
To their advice attend,
Do not refuſe the ſweet rebuke
Of him that is your Friend.

Be thankful always to the Lord,
In prayer and in praiſe;
And him beſeech, that he would you
Direct in all your ways.

And be not like thoſe Brutiſh men
Whoſe bellies being fed,
Conſume their years upon the earth
At Table and in Bed.

Seek firſt, I ſay, the Living God,
All things him mind before,
And be aſſur'd that he will bleſs
Your basket and your ſtore.

And thus if you direct your ways,
According to this Book;

Thoſe that obſerve your deeds will ſay,
That like to me you look.

And when you once have perfectly
Even at your fingers ends,
Learnt all theſe Precepts *I* have given;
Then lend them to your Friends.

And I beſeech the Living Lord,
Repleniſh you with grace,
That I may meet you in the Heav'ns,
And ſee you face to face.

And tho' death now doth cut me off
Contrary to my kind,
So that I cannot you enjoy
According to my mind.

Yet do I hope that when the Heav'ns
Shall vaniſh like a ſcrole,
I ſhall receive you all again
In Body and in Soul.

Now that you may at length arrive
Into this Holy Land,
Th' Almighty Lord of Heaven and Earth
Preſerve you with his hand.

Farewel dear Children; In this world
You muſt a while remain:
The Lord of Hoſts be your defence,
Till we do meet again.

Farewel my tender Loving Wife,
My Children and my Friends;
I hope in God to ſee you all,
When all things have their end.

f you go on to ſerve the Lord,
As you have now begun,
ou quickly will arrive at Heav'n;
You have not far to run.

God grant you ſo to end your lives,
As he ſhall think it beſt,
That you may enter into Joy,
VVhere I do hope to reſt.

Verſes written at the requeſt of a Pious Lady in her Book; By Mr. John Rogers.

IF you will walk the way
That Chriſt hath you aſſign'd,
Then learn this little Verſe
That I have left behind.

Be fervent in the Truth,
Although it bear the blame,
And ſtill apply your youth,
To cleave unto the ſame.

That when old Age ſhall come,
And death begins to call,
The Truth may be your ſtaff,
To ſtay you up withal.

For though it cauſe rebuke,
And bring you to the Croſs,
Yet it is a reward
To all that ſuffer loſs.

For here we do lay out
The things that are but vain,
But we are sure to reap,
What always will remain.

All that we here do lose
Is only filth and slime,
Its like unto a flower
That tarrieth but a time.

But if ye follow Christ,
And walk the perfect way,
Ye shall possess that Gold,
Which never shall decay.

And all your Fathers goods,
Shall be your recompence,
If you will serve the Lord
With double diligence.

Not only for to hear
His pure and holy word;
But likewise to endure
Affliction, or the sword.

If you in this path keep
And to the Lord still look,
Then shall you meet the Man
That writ this in your book.

In that Eternal Joy,
Which always will remain
Then farewel faithful Friend,
Till we do meet again.

Mr. John Rogers the Martyr to his Brother.

AS Nature doth me bid,
Since thou art of my blood
According to my kind
I'le ſtrive to do thee good.

That thou mayſt keep in mind
How I have run my race,
Although thou ſtay behind
Yet for a little ſpace.

I ſend thee here Gods Word,
Which I on thee beſtow:
For which I loſe my life,
And leave all things below.

For when I had obtain'd,
This precious Pearl of price,
I found that I had gain'd,
The ſure way to be wiſe.

It taught me how to live,
And this world to deſpiſe,
To follow the true Light,
And to renounce all Lies.

That though my ſeed I ſow
In Bonds and bitter tears
Yet I ſhall reap in Joy,
To everlaſting years.

And gain for all my loſs
My travel and my pain,
A thouſand times and more
Of better goods again.

And now becauſe the peace
That ever hath been gain'd,
And that the Lords Elect
Have evermore obtain'd.

This Book doth comprehend
Which I beſtow on thee,
Of which I have my part,
As thou mayſt plainly ſee.

In which I hope thou haſt
A flock likewiſe in ſtore,
Which thou wilt ſafe preſerve,
Till God ſhall make it more.

Be very careful ſtill,
That thou do keep it well,
For if thou it doſt loſe,
Thy portion will be Hell.

And here I teſtify
Before the Living God,
I willingly ſubmit
To his chaſtizing Rod.

And as I am condemn'd
To outward puniſhment,
My heart is fixt on God,
I am therewith content.
For ſince he doth me call
To witneſs to the Faith,
And juſtifie his Truth
And what his good word ſaith.

by his grace resolve
Since he will have it so,
'le strive with all my might
Error to overthrow.

nd in defence of Truth
All dangers will out-face,
ince I am well assur'd
Jesus will me embrace.

That those who hear that I
Did combate valiantly
For the true Faith of Christ
May never fear to dye.

And though it be my lot
My foes should take my blood,
Yet they shall find it will
Do them more hurt than good.

And now Dear Brother when
Thou hear'st of my decease,
Pray to the Living God
That I may rest in peace.

And to my woful Wife
And Widow desolate,
Whom I shall leave behind
In very mean Estate.

With grief incompassed,
And sorrows left alone,
O be to her a stay
When I am dead and gone.

My tongue cannot express
The trouble of my mind,
Nor yet my heavines
To leave you here behind.

But as thou art my bone,
My Brother, and my Blood,
So do not her deny
VVhat e're may do her good.

Though for the ſake of Chriſt
She now endure the Croſs;
If ſtedfaſt ſhe remain
She'l never ſuffer loſs.
A Husband ſhe hath loſt
VVho was a mortal Man,
VVhoſe days were ſoon cut off,
His life was but a ſpan.

But ſhe ſhall have a King
To help her ſtill at hand,
And who her to aſſiſt
His Angels will command.

Likewiſe my Daughter dear
I recommend to thee,
Not doubting thou wilt bring
Her up in modeſty.

That ſhe may grow in Grace
By thy Paternal care,
And learn to lead her life
In the Almighties fear.

And ſtill remember that
Thy Brother being dead,
Thou now art left to be
A Father in his ſtead.

nd now my Brother Dear
A And thou my Mothers Son,
O lay aſide all fear
And do as I have done.

For God will thee assist,
And so thy Faith increase,
That though thou suffer death,
Thou shalt have perfect peace.

Left without weariness,
And Pleasure without pain,
Where we shall meet with joy
And never part again.

The Conclusion of Mr. John Rogers his Poems.

O Lord instruct me in thy Laws,
That I my ways may mend
And in thy Precepts walk always
Ev'n unto my lives end.

Give me an understanding mind,
So I shall never start,
But I shall keep all thy Commands
Sincerely from my heart.

Lord grant me courage to proceed
In what I have begun,
For my desire and whole delight
Is in thy ways to run.

Incline my heart to thy right paths,
And fix thereon my thought,
And let me not consume my days
To covet things of nought.

O qui-

O quicken me by thy good Spirit,
Let me the VVorld despise,
And from its fond and foolish Toys
Turn thou away mine Eyes.

Plant in my Soul the word of Truth
VVhich is to me so dear,
And let thy Judgments awe my Soul
And keep them still in fear.

Lord free me from the fear of wrath
VVhich grievous is and sore;
For all thy Judgments and thy Laws
Endure for evermore.

Behold O Lord in thy Precepts
Is all my whole delight,
O quicken me in all thy ways
That I may walk upright.

Behold O Lord

The

The Panting Soul.

LOrd Jesus who shall give me wings
Of Faith and perfect Love,
That I may mount from earthly things
And rest with thee above.

Where there are Joys both firm and fast
Where no Man can lament,
But here be Toys which first or last
All mortal Men repent.

For sin and sorrow overflow
Mortals, though ne'r so high,
Lord I can find no rest below,
But up to thee I fly

But yet the weight of Flesh and Bloud
Doth so my flight restrain,
That oft I wish, yet do no good,
I mount and fall again.

Yet when this fleshly Fantasie
Is mastred by the mind,
I cry, 'Avoid all Vanity
'And Folly go behind.

Lo thus sweet Lord, I fly about
In weak and weary case,
Much like the Dove Noah sent out
Which found no resting place.

My wearied wings, Lord Jesus mark,
And when thou seest it best,
Stretch out thy hand out of thine Ark
And take me to thy rest.

The Angelick Anthem.

Glory be to God in the highest, on Earth Peace, and good Will towards Men, St. Luk. 2. 14.

ALL glory be to God on high,
And peace on earth, good will to men;
This was the Quire of Angels Song,
At Jesus birth in Bethlehem.

For then th' Eternal Son of God,
Became the blessed Virgins Son,
God manifested in the flesh,
To save mankind else quite undone.

Come

Come let us magnify his name
'With Angels and Arch-angells ſtill,
'And ſing, all glory be to God,
'And peace on Earth, to Men good will.

2. For by this work of God made Man,
The Heavens and Earth have cauſe of joy,
The Heavens new Glory have thereby,
'The Earth doth Heavenly peace injoy.

And both from Gods good will to Man,
For lo! this bleſſed hevenly Child
Hath Adam and his Race redeem'd,
And to his Father reconcil'd.

'Come let us magnify his Name
'With Angels and Arch-angels then,
'And ſing all glory be to God,
'And peace on Earth, good will to Men.

3. This Babe though in a Manger laid,
Was yet the King of Glory born;
And came from Heaven man to ſave,
Who otherwiſe had been forlorn.

He is our only peace on Earth,
The Conſcience Pacifier here
He is our glory in the Heavens,
Our bleſſed Glorifier there.

'Come then above all Creatures we
'Should ſing this Angels Anthem ſtill,
'All glory be to God on High;
'And peace on Earth, to men good will.

4. But firſt from men on Earth below
Should Glory mount to God on high,
Then God from Heav'n would ſhower down
To men on Earth abundantly. Peace

For God being now at peace with man
Thro' Christ the Lord both God and Man,
The Heavens and Earth are like wise friends,
As 'twas when first the World began.

'Come let us magnifie his name
'With Angels and Arch-angels then,
'And sing, all glory be to God
'And Peace on Earth, good Will to men.

5. O what transcendent love was this
Of that great God to poor mankind,
When men and Angels both were faln,
God took Man up, left them behind.

And that Man might be quit from Hell,
And brought unto Heavens glorious Bliss,
The Prince of Heav'n did Man become
Was ever mercy like to this?

'Come then and let us praise his Name
'With Angels and Arch-angels still,
'And give God glory in the highest,
'That shew'd to men such great good Will.

6. To thee. O most Almighty Lord,
Most holy glorious Trinity
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In ever blessed Unity.

From Hearts and Souls and all our Powers
All glory, praise, thanksgiving be,
As in beginning was, is now,
And shall be to Eternity.

For Christ the Lord, our Jesus born
At time prefixt in Bethlehem;
Let Heaven and Earth with all their Hosts
Come join with us, and say Amen.

The Song of *Simeon*.

Lord now lettest thou thy Servant depart in peace according to thy word. For mine eyes have seen thy Salvation, &c. Luke 2. 29. 30.

Simeon was one who waited for
Th' Messiah, Israel's Consolation,
Whom he should see before he dy'd,
As God had shew'd by Revelation.

And when the Virgin brought her Son
To th' Temple to present him there,
Simeon by motion of the Spirit,
Came praising God with joyful cheer.

' The blessed Babe in's arms
' He gently clasp't about;
' And then this Swan like Song,
' Divinely warbled out.

2. Lord

2. Lord since thou hast let me to see
The Christ, thy promised Salvation,
Which thou preparedst revealed to be
Before the face of every Nation.

A saving light to the Gentiles, who
In darkness and Deaths shades did dwel
Thy Glory and the way of peace?
To thine own people Israel.

Now lettest thou thy servant,
Gracious and blessed Lord,
Depart in peace and Joy,
According to thy word.

3. If Simeon, seeing Christ a Child,
(Just come i'th World for our Salvation
That glorious Work yet unfufill'd.)
Was wrapt with Joy and Consolation.

As disesteeming all beside,
Not valuing living longer here,
How Lord should I affected be
That live in Gospel light so clear.

And who my Saviours Acts
And sufferings plainly see.
And know the benefits
Thereof belong to me.

4. Divine Peace maker! how should I
Adore thy mercy infinite,
That God our Nature should assume,
And to his Person it unite.

That he being God and man in one,
A Mediator might become,
To God for man, who else had perisht;
And had been utterly undone.

Most gracious Lord, how should
'My Soul affected be,
At this thy wondrous Love
'And great Humility.

That the Creator of the World,
(For by thy Word all things began)
Could yield a Creature to become
And twice be made a sinful Man.

Made of the Virgin, so to take
Our nature and infirmities,
Made under th' Law, to undergo
Our load of sins and miseries.

How then O blessed God
'Should I affected be,
With this great work of Love
'And mercy toward me!

That he to whom Heavens Powers did bow
And to him still were serviceable
For Wretches, should descend so low
As to be born within a Stable.

Should be pursu'd by Tyrants rage,
Tempted by Satan; made a scorn,
Betray'd, Arraigned and Condemn'd
Grievously scourg'd, and crown'd with (thorn
'Nail'd to the Cross and then
'Twixt two Thieves Crucifyed,
'Pierced even to the heart,
'O, prest in Soul beside.

'Blest Jesus! why shouldst thou indure
Thy Body Precious, Innocent,

Yea sacred, holy; by the hands
Of Sinners to be torn and rent,

Could nought else expiate my sins?
Why must these torments lye on thee?
O wretched Soul thou didst offend,
Thy gracious Saviour pitied thee.

'O let my heart then weep,
'Even tears of bloud within,
'For these thy sufferings
'And for my grievous sin.

8. Dear Lord whose Love unalterable,
Caus'd thee to suffer this for me,
Inflame my heart with Love that I
With awful Love may worship thee.

That with Repentant tears and heart,
Prostrate thy bleeding wounds before
My Lord thus Crucifi'd for me
With humble Faith I may adore.

'That I may hate my self
'For all my grievous sins,
'Which did occasion these
'Thy grievous sufferings.

9. O Let me pour forth streams of tears,
And hearty sighs of true contrition,
My sin and wickedness to bewail,
And my forlorn state and condition.

Which guilt and sense o'th wrath of God,
Desert of Hell and condemnation,
Do threaten, were not my hope fixt
On thee the God of my Salvation.

Tis thou, and thou alone
'Blest Lord! canst succor me.

O ſave my ſinful Soul
Which only truſts in thee.

10. When Iſrael, in Moſes time,
The Serpents wounded mortally,
The Brazen Serpent was lift up,
That who lookt on it might not dye.

Was there ſuch Virtue in the Type,
Of this thy Croſs and Elevation:
How much grace doth thy precious Bloud
Afford my Soul for its Curation.

Then let my humble Faith
Cleave ever faſt to thee,
Sweet Saviour let us meet
And never parted be.

11. When I look to this Croſs of thine,
Five victories my Meditation;
Obſerves to be atchiev'd by thee
For making ſure of Mans Salvation.

The Law of Grace 'gainſt that of Works,
Prevails to work my liberty,
Againſt my ſin thy ſelf made ſin,
And Righteouſneſs waſt made to me.

Thou by thy precious Death
My Death aboliſhing,
Whereby from Death to life
Thou, Lord my Soul didſt bring.

12. The Prince of darkneſs thou didſt conquer,
That I Gods Child might ſtill remain;
And Hell its ſelf didſt overcome,
That I Heavens glory might obtain.

Thus by thy precious death and Paſſion,
My Enemies were vanquiſht quite;
And from the Law I thereby freed,
And under Grace brought by thy Might

'Let this thy *Spirit* of Grace
'O Jeſus! govern me,
'That I may dye to ſin
'And ever live to thee.

13. That I may ſtill divide my time,
Between true ſorrow for my ſins,
And praiſing of thy holy name,
From whence my hope of comfort ſprings.

And ſo by Faith being knit to thee,
Thy ſpirit dwelling in my heart,
Soul of my Soul be thou to me,
And ſpiritual Life to me impart.

'That I by Myſtical
'Injunction may be,
'Truely (though ſpiritually)
'Made ever one with thee.

14. Of which ſweet Union I am ſure,
By th' Seals of thine eternal Love;
Thy Word of truth, thy Sacraments,
And Spirit of Peace ſent from above.

And ſo by mercy on thy part,
Bleſt God! and humble Faith on mine
Thou haſt betroth'd thy gracious ſelf.
To my poor Soul, and made it thine.

'One of thy own I am
'To be disjoyned never;
But I ſhall live in thee,
'To thee, and with thee ever.

15

5. Why then ſhould mortal things detain
Me in this Vale of tears and ſin,
Whoſe whole deſire with Simeon is
To ſlight the world and all therein.

To leave this Robe of earth I wear
That ſo my Soul may come to thee,
Whoſe bleſſed Will it is that where
Thou art, thy own ſhould alſo be.

'Sweet Jeſu call me then
'As ſoon as ere thou pleaſe,
'Into thy bleſſed hands
'Receive my Soul in peace,

'When my appointed time
'And hour of change ſhall be;
'For which my wearied Soul
'Shall dayly wait on thee.

The new Jeruſalem *or the Holy City above*, Revel. 21. 22.

LEave, O my Soul, this vale below
Which ſin and ſorrows overflow.
Raiſe up thy thoughts unto that reſt
Which maketh Saints and Angels bleſt,
Who altogether ever ſing
Their Hallelujahs to Heavens King.
There is the God-heads glorious throne
More bright than thouſand Suns in one

Where thy dear Saviours glorified,
That Body which was crucified,
Now reigneth with the Diety
In Soveraign Bliss and Majesty.

That sacred Head once crown'd with Thorns
A Crown of glory now adorns
That Hand which held a scornful Reed,
Now wields a Scepter full of dread:
Those Feet once nail'd unto the Tree
Ore Death and Hell have Victory.

The Holy new Jerusalem
Is there prepar'd for Upright men
With walls of Jasper built four square,
The length, breadth, depth, all equal are.
Of twelve foundations precious stone,
The twelve Apostles names thereon.

Twelve gates of Pearl, on each side three,
Twelve Angels there attendant be,
The streets pure Gold, shine like the Sun,
Thro' which the stream of Life doth run;
From out the Throne of Glory flowing
The Tree of Life on both sides growing.

Within this Glorious habitation
Enter the Heirs of Salvation,
The Lambs redeem'd, espoused Wife,
Whose names are writ i'th' Book of Life:
The Church Triumphant there set free
For ever from Mortality.

There live those blessed troops of Spirits,
In such great joys, and true delights,

Ear can't hear, nor eye perceive,
Nor th' heart of Mortal can't conceive:
Prepared by the Lord of Bliſs
Before all Worlds, for all of his.

Who living here the Life of Grace,
Are carried to that Glorious place
Where Jeſus keeps a room for thee
That long'ſt for Immortality.
Wait his good hour, and waiting ſing
Thy Hallelujahs to Heavens King.

Mans Mortallity.

MAn unto whom each hour preacheth
That all Earths Glory ſhall decay;

And sees it mightier Creatures reacheth,
Yea trusteth still in brittle clay,
So heavy is his heart at ease
To think of ought that may displease.
Yea though his senses to him cry
All Flesh is Grass; A Flower mans pride
'Tis true, saith he but I shant dye,
Though it be true in all beside.
His reason pleasure doth inthral,
He thinks Death never will him call.
Though Death should be his meditation,
Waiting for immortality.
He slights the end of his Creation,
Believing Earths Eternity:
But Man! thou must the Mortal leave
Ere thou th' Immortal Robe receive.
Due thought of Death and Hell
Would sinful thoughts expel.
Who so with careful thought
Would ponder as he ought
How fearful 'tis to flit
From Bed to loathsome Pit
From pit to endless Pain,
For ever to remain
Among the damned Spirits
Whose mercy never lights
Would not commit one sin
Though it the World might win.
As certain as it now is day,
So sure it will be night anon
For time stands never at a stay,
But now is here, and quickly gone.

Such is our life whose minutes spend,
And every minute wasts the store
Till all be out, and when they end
We cannot live one minute more.

'What thing is that each man doth crave?
Contentment in his mind.
'What thing is that he ne're shall have?
Real content to find.

'What's cause of that? He Heaven minds not.
And seeks to gain what here he finds not.
Take from our life three parts of time
What we idly spend, and nothing do,
What we spend in hated crime,
And what us don't belong unto.
How little's left? How quickly told?
Is spent in doing what we should.

The Excellency, Usefulness, Harmony and Perfection of the Holy Scriptures.

AMong thy glorious Gifts,
Lord thou thy Word hast given,
Precious and pure, sweet, holy, sure,
To guide me hence to Heav'n.

Here I abound with straits
Wants and necessities.
There I have store heapt running o're,
With plenteous rich supplies.

Temptations here abound,
With Terrors, Dangers, Fears,
These petty Hells, thy Word expels,
and all my Passage clears.

When Satan fiercely shoots
His fiery Darts at me,
Then Lord, thy Word, is Shield and Sword,
Saves me, and makes them flee.

The Perishing World presents,
Is objects fresh and fair;
But yet thy Word, doth that afford
Which proves more precious ware.

When fleshly Lusts intice
To their alluring pleasure:
To rare delights thy Word invites
More choice in weight & measure.

The

The Errors of the Times
Their cheating Wares display,
But Scripture says, shun Errors ways,
My Rule shall guide your Way.

When by the Tempters Wiles,
I am intic'd to sin,
By thy words Art, hid in my heart,
both Field and Prize I win.

Nay tho I foiled be
And sin defile my Soul
Thy Word can cleanse, those noysom Dens,
And sins best strength controul.

An unbelieving heart
Do I till now inherit,
Thy Word Lord hath, pow'r to work Faith
By thy most holy Spirit.

If this be my disease,
A hard and Stony heart,
Thy Word thus deals first kills then heals
And cures me by the smart.

Will not my frozen heart
With Gospel Grace comply;
Thy Royal Law, this heart can thaw,
And cause a weeping eye.

Do lofty tow'ring thoughts,
Puff up my tempted breast,
Thy Word brings low, the proudest Foe
As if he were the least.

Do muttering thoughts arise
Grudge, murmur and repine
Thy Rod and Word, teach patience Lord,
And still these thoughts of mine.

Are

Am I tongue ty'd in Prayer
And know not what to say
Thy Word inspires, praying desires,
Tells how, and what to pray.

When like a lost Sheep I
In darkness err and stray,
Thy Word's a Light, most clear and bright
and guides me in my way.

A foolish Soul am I,
And destitute of eyes
Thy Words a Rule, Master and School
To make its Schollars wise.

I see my self undone,
Distressed, naked, poor,
Thy words untold, a Mine of Gold,
Rich Pearls and pretious store.

By sinful Nature I
And God are still at odds
Thy Word my Soul, converteth whole,
From Satans Call to Gods.

Do troubles from without,
Do flouds of inward grief,
My soul torment, thy word is sent
To give my Soul relief.

Is my sad Soul perplext,
With sorrows, doubts, and fears,
Thy Word of Grace, resolves the Case,
My cloudy Judgement clears.

Or do dispairing Thoughts
My tempted Soul o're take,
Thy word doth give, me hopes to live,
For Christ my Saviours sake.

Do multitude of Thoughts
My labouring Soul oppreſs
I call to mind, thy Word and find
Such Joys as me refreſh.

Am I ſo weak and low
I cannot walk alone,
Thy Word Lord is, ſtrength to my knees
A Staff to lean upon.

Though in this Vale of Tears
I thirſt, faint, hunger, pine,
Thy Word me feeds, in theſe my needs
'Tis Bread, and Milk and Wine.

Thus tho' I'm poor, ſcorn'd, left,
Weak, yet on thee I'le call,
Thy Word alone hath all in one
Health, wealth, friends, honour, all.

Thus tho' my troubled Soul
Be ſick and wounded ſore
With grievous ſin, which doth begin
To feſter more and more.

Thy Word directs me where
Relief may ſoon be had
And doth me guide, to Chriſt's pierc'd ſide
For Balm of Gilead,

Yea though no Life at all
Seem in me to remain,
Thy Word is good and living Food,
Which fetcheth Life again.

Would I prolong this Life
And make it laſt for ever,
The Scripture ſhows, whence water flows
Which he that drinks, dyes never.

Bleſt be the Lord my God,
Who thus for me provides,
And filleth full my empty Soul,
With Food which ſtill abides.

My Soul bleſs thou the Lord
Who bounteouſly haſt given
Strength, Light, Guide, Way, leaſt thou ſhouldſt (ſtray
In this thy way to Heav'n.

This Holy Book of God
Theſe Sentences, theſe Lines,
Each Word and Letter, to me are better
Than Pearls and golden Mines.

Tis Heav'n it ſelf tranſcrib'd
And Glory lively penn'd.
Gods mind no doubt was coppied out
When he this Gift did ſend.

Tis Truth brought forth to light,
God did hereby intend
Mans Word ſhould fall, Heav'n Earth & all;
But this ſhall never end.

O then my Soul admire,
That bleſſed Hand and Quill
That did produce for Sinners uſe
Th' Eternal Soveraign Will.

With Reverence adore
The Author too, and when
Thou canſt not raiſe ſufficient Praiſe
With wondring ſay, AMEN.

Upon the Holy Bible.

HEre is the Spring where waters flow,
To quench the heat of ſin:

Here is the Tree where Truth does grow,
To lead our Lives therein:

Here is the Judge that ends the ſtrife,
When mens Devices fail:
Here is the Bread that feeds the Life,
Which Death cannot aſſail.

The Tydings of Salvation dear,
Come to our Ears from hence;
The Fortreſs of our Faith is here,
The Shield of our Defence.

Then be not like the Swine that hath
A Pearl at his deſire,
Yet takes more pleaſure in the Trough,
And wallowing in the Mire.

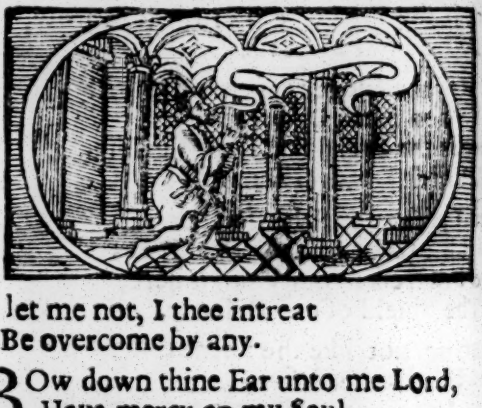
Read not this Book in any Caſe,
But with a ſingle eye:
Read not, but firſt deſire God's Grace,
To underſtand thereby.

Pray ſtill in Faith with this reſpect,
To fructify therein,
That knowledge may have this effect,
To mortify thy ſin.

Then happy thou in all thy Life,
What er'e to thee befalls:
Yea double happy ſhalt thou be,
When God by Death thee calls.

The Penitents Youths Alphabet.

AH Lord my ſins are very great
And my Corruptions many,



O let me not, I thee intreat
Be overcome by any.

BOw down thine Ear unto me Lord,
Have mercy on my Soul,
Subdue my ſpiritual Enemies,
And all my luſts controul.

CAuſe me to love the Lord above,
VVith all my heart and might,
And let my Converſation be
VVell pleaſing in thy ſight.

DO not condemn my Soul O Lord?
But for thy mercy ſake;
VVhich is both ſure and plentiful
Some pity on me take.

ENrich me with thy Heavenly Grace,
Endue me with thy Spirit,
And let my Soul when hence it goes
Eternal life inherit.

FOrget me not I pray thee Lord,
But call remember me;
That unto all Eternity
I may give thanks to thee.

Gra

GRant me that I may never dare
To live in any sin,
And let me not at any time
Be catcht in Satans gin.

HOw ever thou dost deal with me
Give me an upright heart,
And let my will submit to thee
And never from thee start.

INdeed it is to be admired
How gracious thou hast been;
Thy mercy still has followed me
Tho' I have lived in sin.

KIndness I do receive from thee,
Ev'n every day and hour,
Yea every moment, Lord on me
Thy Favours thou dost powre.

LIft up my Heart to thee O Lord,
Give me a thankful Frame.
And let me ever honour thee
And praise thy glorious Name.

MAke me think vilely of my self,
Shew me my want of Grace
Let not the love of any sin
Within my Soul have place.

NOthing's to hard for thee, O Lord,
Otherefore undertake,
To pluck my strong Corruptions down,
Even for thy mercys sake.

OLet not any of my sins
Come into memory,
Before thee Lord, but let them be
Conceal'd eternally.

Pre-

PRepare me for Eternity
And let my Soul make sure
Of an Inheritance with thee,
VVhich ever shall endure.

QUicken me by thy Spirit Lord,
VVhen I shall wait on thee
All Heavenly Dutys let me do
In much sincerity.

REmove from me the guilt of sin,
And its Pollutions too,
And let it be my earnest care
All evil to eschew.

SEcure me from Eternal Death,
And let my Souls Lamp be
Provided with the Oyl of Grace,
When Death shall seize on me.

THe time which thou affordest me
Is but a Span O Lord,
Therefore let me redeem the Time
Which thou dost me afford.

VOuchsafe to lift my Heart to thee
'bove all things here below,
And let it be my earnest Care
Christ Crucified to know.

VVHether I live or dye O Lord,
Let me be wholly thine,
And let thy Gracious Countenance
Upon me ever shine.

XAmine all my wants, O Lord,
Fully my Soul supply,
With Faith, with Hope, with Charity,
And with Humility.

Ye

YEa as I longer live on Earth
May I still better be.
At Death and Judgment, Heaven and Hell,
Be ne're forgot by me.

ZEal for thine Honour give me Lord,
And let me Holy be,
O guide me with thy Council here,
To Glory take thou me.

The Glorious Lover

A Dialogue between Divine Love and Worldly Lust; discovering the deceitfulness of sin, in alluring the Soul from Goodness, to its ruine and destruction. And the powerful influence of the Love of Christ, ingaging it to an early imbracing his invitations to a well grounded hope of everlasting Glory.

Divine Love.

SWeet Soul O stop, let Wisdom drop,
A word becoming Kings,
Nay be inclin'd to bend your mind
Unto Coelestial things.
Beg your love, for things above,
Nay all your Powers I claim:
I would adorn your Youthful morn,
And crown your early aim.

VVorld-

יהוה

Wordly Luſt.

Should any thought, to mind b brought
That interrupts your quiet:
Shall Young ones weep, diſturb their ſleep
Deſert their needful Diet?
Riſh, drink in Plate, and recreate;
Your lively Youthful Spirit;
Seek gallant things, delights for Kings
Which may proclaim your merit.

Divine Love.

While fleſh pretends theſe pleaſing ends
Its black deſigns it hides
But pray awake, for Jeſus ſake,
While day of Grace abides.
Fleſh Lulls its Gueſts, between its Breaſts,
Repentance to Expel:
But deadly Charms are in its Arms,
Its Gueſts go down to Hell.

VVorldly Luſt.

What ſtrange conceits, what ſilly Cheats,
Would drive thy Joys away?
Theſe Preachers tell but dreams of Hell.
And of the Judgment day.
Twill nere do well, till mirth excel
Such ſullen thoughts as theſe
Sweet Muſick bring. come dance and ſing
Eat, drink and take thine eaſe.

Divine Love.

Theſe Childiſh Toys, may make a noiſe
To pleaſe the Worldly heart;
Yet all the while, they but beguile,
Nay wound the better part.
One Glimps of Love, ſeal'd from Above,
Theſe higheſt Joys tranſcends; From

From grief twill raiſe, to heights of praiſe,
When that in Torment ends.
VVorldly Luſt.
Shall wordy winds on gallant minds
Such deep impreſſions make;
That for a ſound of things profound;
They Joys in hand forſake?
This Day invites to rare delights
And all who do deſign
Fortunes to raiſe and ſo gain praiſe
Imbrace theſe paths of mine.
Divine Love.
Alas! at length you'l loſe your ſtrength,
Mirth, Beauty, Sport and Pleaſure.
And then too late lament your ſtate
Your miſpent Time and Treaſure,
They'l take them wings, but leave their ſtings
With Venom, Guilt and ſmart.
Then while 'tis day, I humbly pray,
Chuſe Marys better part.
VVorldly Luſt.
Are ſuch things fit, that clogs your wit
VVhich bravely now aſpires?
Such Doatings leave, till Age bereave
Of heat and warm defires.
Your budding ſpring prompts you to ſing
And in a warbling ſtrain,
With *Amorous* Odes and Courtly Modes
Your Soul to entertain.
Divine Love.
Such frothy Freaks aloud beſpeaks,
How ſlightly Youths eſteem
Their Nobler Parts, their precious Hearts
Which Earth cannot redeem.

How hardly brought to turn a Thought
From Objects thus deprav'd;
Tho Jeſus Cries, Oh! fix your eyes
On me and be ye ſav'd.

Worldly Luſt.

Such Looks may grace, ſome withered face,
Or ſome grave Cloyſter'd Nun,
But they are *Blots* not Beauty Spots,
Where pleaſure's juſt begun
Fiſh, rather prize, fine Comedies,
And rare Romances uſe.
Make your reſorts to noble Sports,
And gallant Interveiws,

Divine Love.

What pity tis ſuch traſh as this,
With Heav'n born Souls ſhould take
While Jeſus ſtands, with ſtretcht out hands
Rich Overtures to make.
Gold try'd in Fire, with rich *Attire*
Do your acceptance crave,
A Crown of Bliſs prepared is
Which never end ſhall have.

An Expoſtulation with Youth.

COme Child let you and I,
A few diſcourſes have,
Shall we bethink, how near the brink
We border of the Grave?
Shall we ſurvey our time,
How vainly it is ſpent;
How Youthful days, conſume in ways
Which Age muſt needs repent?
The things which others pleaſe
What profit do they merit;

What

What are the Toys of wanton Boys,
To an immortal Spirit?
How will our reckoning pass
Of Pastime, Pleasure, Play,
When every Thought and Deed is brought,
Unto the Judgment day?
Would not our time and strength
Be better far imploy'd,
If every thought were this way wrought,
How Christ may be enjoy'd?
Should not a young Mans way,
Be ordered by the Word?
Should not his mind be still inclin'd
To know and fear the Lord?
If we behold our Frame,
Our Parts and Powers compare
Sure God intends, some Glorious ends
To form a piece so rare.
Then let our Souls be rais'd,
And all its powers incline,
On Eagles wings to follow things,
That are indeed Divine.

FINIS